Mitchell S. Weir DRAWER 284

71.2009.085.05497

Lincoln Poetry

Poets

S. Weir Mitchell

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the

Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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Mitchell, S. Weir

Lincoln

"Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb"

LINCOLN.

Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb,
Tender and simple too: he was so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And, ever simpler, like a little child
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.

S. Weir Mitchell.

Mitchell, S. Weir ABRAHAM LINCOLN "Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb"

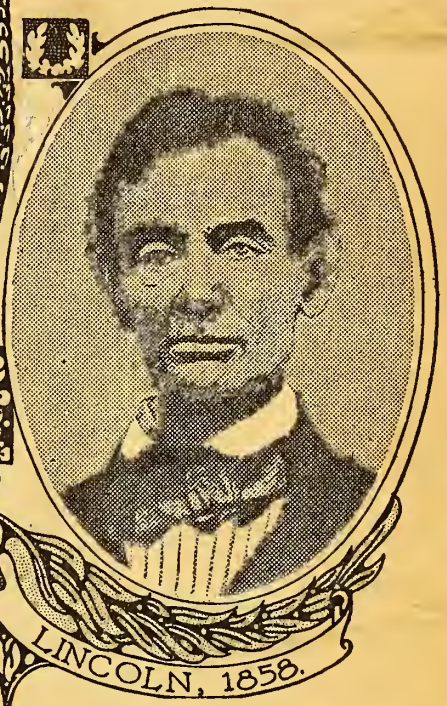
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809

Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb,
Tender and simple, too; he was so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled. —S. Weir Mitchell.

Without an instant's hesitation I place Lincoln far above any other on your shining list—far above Bismarck, who created an empire; far above Gambetta, who saved a fallen people, or Mazzini, who helped put a new soul in another, or the Marquis Ito, who transformed some hermit islanders into the present first of Asiatic and peer of European powers.—Whitelaw Reid.

LINCOLN, 1858.



LINCOLN, 1858.

LINCOLN, 1865

I am speaking on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln and to men who count it their peculiar privilege that they have the right to hold Lincoln's memory dear and the duty to strive to work along the lines that he laid down. We can pay most fitting homage to his memory by doing the tasks allotted to us in the spirit in which he did the infinitely greater and more terrible tasks allotted to him.—Theodore Roosevelt.

It took his countrymen full four years to find Abraham Lincoln out. By the light of the campfires of victorious armies they learned to see the outline of his gigantic figure, to assess the integrity of his character, to comprehend the majesty of his conscience, and, when at last they looked upon his careworn face as the nation reverently bore his body to the grave, through their tears they saw him exalted above all thrones in the affection of the human race.—Jonathan P. Dolliver.

Mitchell, S. Weir LINCOLN "Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Poems for the Children to Read.

There has been a demand at the Public Library this week for poems on Abraham Lincoln for children in the graded schools to recite. After hearing one fourth-grade mite try to read long words and involved sentences, we learned to pick out easy bits, not too long to learn or too hard to pronounce with the following result. A list of the poems from which extracts are taken and of others for older readers, will be printed in Saturday's "Courant."

Lincoln.

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Tender and simple too; he was so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And, ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.

S. Weir Mitchell.

Mitchell, Dr. S. Weir LINCOLN "Chained by stern duty to the rock of state,"

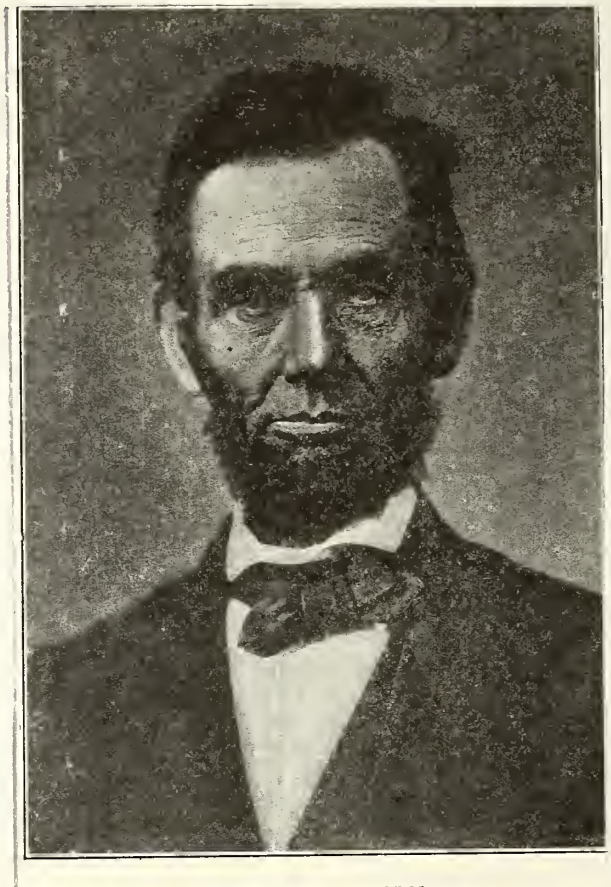
LINCOLN

By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell (1830-1916)

Chained by stern duty to the rock of state,
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth,
Ever above, though ever near to earth,
Yet felt his heart the cruel tongues that sate
Base appetites, and foul with slander, wait
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour
When wounds and suffering shall give them power.
Most was he like to Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb.
Tender and simple too; he was so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And, ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.

["Fall River," L. D. E. and R. W. kindly copied the above poem for the inquirer.]

Perhaps C. F. M. would like the following poems on Lincoln. My favorite of all has long been "Remember Him" (sometimes called "In Memoriam"), by King. A. B.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN.

By S. Weir Mitchell.

Chained by stern duty to the rock of State,
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth,
Ever above, though ever near to earth.
Yet felt his heart the vulture beaks that sate
Base appetites, and, foul with slander, wait
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour
When wounds and suffering shall give them power
Most was he like to Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb,
Tender and simple, too; he was so near
To all things human, that he cast out fear,
And, ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.